MARS is the only one of the earth's planetary comrades visible to the naked eye during the evenings of September. He sets early and enters the constellation Scorpio

near the end of the month. There he will come into com-





THIS is the anniversary of the great naval victory won by Commodore McDonough, on Lake Champlain, over the British fleet under Commodore Donnie, in 1814. All the English ships were captured and an army which at-tempted to take Plattsburg retreated in haste. This battle occurred a year and a day after Perry's victory.

The Wolves of New York

petition with his stellar rival in redness, Antares.

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY "Who Goes There?" The Words Were Spoken in Magyar by Gypsy on Guard at the Castle.

spoken in Magyar, and, receiving no psponse, were presently repeated in

"I am guest of Herr Valenski," I responded. I slept ill and wish to take a walk. "'It is against the rules,' came the surly response. 'No one is permitted

without the gates without permis-sion. You will have the goodness to "I drew a gold coin from my pocket and proffered it to my al-most invisible antagonist. 'Herr Valenski sleeps,' I said. 'I cannot ask his permission. He would, of

course, refuse it. Will you not al-"But it was in vain. The gypsy muttered a hourse refusal. At the same time a great shaggy hound loomed out of the mist by the side of the man and growled threaten-ingly at me. There was nothing for

it but to go back.
"I returned to the castle, the man and dog following me to the door. They waited till I was safely inside and then they withdrew. I closed the door behind me and fell help-lessly upon my knees, my hands still clutching the antique latch which had fallen back into its place

I was a prisoner, and it seemed as if my fate was sealed. "I examined the entrance hall. On either side were the doors of the two large rooms with which I was already acquainted. At the further end a few steps led down beneath an arch to a passage branching off to right and left. I must explore one or the other of these, perhaps both. A few steps to the right led me to the front of a time-worn statement, a way which hardly promised escape. I, therefore, retraced my steps and took the passage to the left.

"I passed the doors of many dis-used rooms, kitchens evidently in the olden times, but new fallen into absolute ruin. I noticed a stove in

absolute ruin. I noticed a stove in one of them and gathered that it was there that our dinner had been prepared, but there was no sign of Paul or of any other servant.

"By degrees the passage took on an aspect of greater ruin, and, turn-ing a corner sharply, I saw day-light before me. I ran forward amartly, Was I indeed about to find a door to safety?

CHAPTER CXXXIV.

On the Brink.

"Was I indeed about to find a means of escapa. I was, I knew, on the east side of the castle, the side which I had faced from the window of my turret chamber, and where, as far as I could then see, the walls of the castle rose sheer from the very edge of the precipice. The

and the gypsy encampments to the west. had been passing through a sort of tunnel, and the dismantled ces on either side may once have en cellars. They had fallen into

"Who goes there?" the words were , absolute ruin, and were choked with debris, as, too, was the dark passage through which I was makng my way. But I had seen that the tunnel gave access to the open air, and I sprang forward over broken bricks and masonry, in-

"There was a great roaring in my ears. My senses must have been strangely dulled that I had not noticed it before. It come, of course, from the waterfail which hurled itself into the vailey on this side of the hill. In one night I had become so accustomed to the sound that I hardly appreciated its nearness till I reached the end of the tunnel and understood how I was

circumstanced.
"The passage ended abrupting on
the face of the cliff. In my naste I
had nearly blundered on and thrown myself into space. It was on the very edge that I drew myself back, horrified and appalled. There was a sheer descent of a couple of hun-dred feet before me. And immedi-ately on the left the cascade thundered down in one great volume of water until it was broken by projecting rocks about midway to the valley. The mouth of the tunnel was practically behind a portion of the waterfall, so near that the passage seemed in danger of being flooded, yet so far that except for delains appear the ground was

flooded, yet so far that except for driving spray the ground was scarcely wetted.

"My hopes had been dashed to the ground. I had thought to find an exit from the custle and a path whereby I might have descended in safety to the foot of the hill. Instead I was confronted by a sheer precipice and a mighty torrent of water. I believe I fell on my knees and sobbed aloud in the very bitterness of my spirit.
"What could I do? Return by
the route I had come or seek some

other means of escape? It was very evident that there was no other way of reaching the castle but by the road the carriage had traveled the day before. All de-scent on this, the eastern side, seemed impossible, and probably there were no doors that did not there were no doors that did no open on the plateau where the gyp-sies were encamped. I was caught like a rat in a trap. I might crawl away into some recess of the ruins and wait until hunger drove me out, or I might yield myself up immediately and wait for what mercy might be shown me. I laughed hysterically terically at the thought, for I knew that Valenski would show me no

mercy.

"After a while my senses became more collected, and I began to reason with myself. It was folly to abandon hope until hope was ab-solutely lost. At the worst I had a knife, and could sell my life dearly. white, and could sell my life dearly.
"I examined the mouth of the passage. As I have said, it opened
abruptly on the sheer face of the
cliff. Above it, as I could see by
crawling to the edge and peering

It's a Shame the Way the Women Handle Each Other.

By FONTAINE FOX.

MY DEAR COME LOOK AT

THE TABLE COVER I GOT

FROM THAT PEDDLER

FOR \$375

YES! ISNT IT

A BEAUTY

Titled American Women as Angels of Mercy They Are Proving Their Mettle as Wholehearted Workers in England, France and Italy.

The Marchioness of Dufferin, formerly Miss Flora Davis, of New York.

up, rose the wall of the castle absolutely perpendicular, and supplying no vestige of foothold. It was the same on either side. The passage had evidently been fashioned in the very base of the castle, and 4ts floor was the very rock upon which the

To Be Continued Tomorrow

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX Claims He Gave Hef a Ring.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am nineteen and have been engaged to a young man for the past month. Last time I was out with him he inquired why I did not wear his engagement ring. As he never gave me a ring, it is naturally impossible for me to wear it. He says he gave it to me the night of our engagement and seems very much hurt that I should say he did not. As I love him dearly I should like him to know the truth, but cannot make him understand I never received his ring. Please tell me

What to do.
VICTIM OF A MISUNDER-STANDING. I should weigh very carefully the question of marrying this young man, who appears to have been "not all there" when he fancied he gave you an engagement ring. Or, perhaps, he is sensitive in not being able to give you one and is trying to "bluff it out" with this absurd claim. It all sounds queer and "fishy" to me. Do you know anything about his people, what his record is, and how he stands with those associated with him in business? I should not be in too great a hurry to marry him. Again the Difference in Age.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty and in love with a man of thirty-six. He has asked me to marry him, but I do not know what to answer. Will you be kind enough to advise me what to do? We both love each other very dearly, but I am afraid to marry a man so much older than myself. Do on think the age question is so very important? UNDINE D.

If you both love each other very dearly, as you say. I do not see how a question of a few years appears to you in the Mght of an insuperable difficulty. Some of the happlest marriages have been where there has been a greater disparity of years than those you mention. The fact that you hesitate makes me question if you care for this man as deeply as you think. Suppose you take a little longer to think the question out.

Not Long Enough.

A soldier was waiting for the Muddleton train—the only one of the day. After he had waited for a reasonable length of time, then for an unreasonable ditto, the porter ove in eight.
"How long will I have to wait,"

Tommy asked, "for that bally How long leave have you got?" asked the porter, with apparent irrelevance.

"Well," said the perter, "you'd better walk."

great inexplicable power which qithings universal." The idea here is not that the child will pretend to understand or really know (lod-a thing which you have never been able to do. It is rather that the young inquirer shall have brought to his attention the mighty and mysterious achievements of the Divine mind and thus learn to walk

what electricity is, but we can know what these do. Elemental religious instruction for your child, therefore, will properly consist

well as from their men. In England the American women who married titles have given daily evidence of their devotion to the cause of freedom by their untiring care of the wounded. They have turned country homes into hospitals and worked with the Red Cross in all its activities. They are particularly happy in being able to do what they can for our boys invalided to England or

from the women of the Allied countries as

THE war has brought the maximum of sacrifice

on the way to the battle-front.



Lady Harcourt, cousin of J. P. Morgan, formerly Miss Mary Burns, of New York.

Your Child's Ideals TEACH HIM A RELIGIOUS FEELING Christmas Eve, and two mothers went up to the room where the tree had been placed to light it up and arrange the presents. "And, oh, these were a daznling sight to behold. There were brace-

By Dr. William A. McKeever. the nation's best-known secological writers).

F ordinary people are ever to have more of God and more of Godliness in their every-day lives, ordinary children must be taught to recognize the Divine Presence in common affairs. And this matter is urged without any thought of church creed or sectarianism and without any necessary reference to scriptural account of

doctrine. You may have any or all of these religious forms or instruments, as you please. You may use any or all of these in teaching your child as you may desire. What is thought of here is a sort of elemental religion, a basic creed which every child should know and which every child may use as a daily consciousness of the presence of God.

Who made the mountain? The sea? The sky? Where does the sun go at night? What makes things fall? Where is the end of the world? How far is it to the top of the sky? These are child questions, all of which naturally lead to the borderland of a religious inquiry which is native to the child-

hood of the race. No man, however wise, can an swer these to his own satisfaction, and yet none can help trying to an-swer them. In the language of an ancient inquirer the right-minded person must continue throughout

person must continue throughout his life to ank—
Where shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understanding?
The sea saith it is not in me.
And the earth saith it is not in me.
Call it nature, mystery, the unknowable, or God, Some designation can and should be given to the great inexplicable power which discontinued. with Him and reverence Him.

We do not know what God is or

of a somewhat systematic contemplation with him of the performances of nature which are beyond

human origin and control. Suppose you study trees how they grow from the seed germ, how long they live, what they mean to us and our comfort—and conclude with the thought of God's goodness in thinking of trees when He made the world. What if He had forgot to plant the first

Suppose you study birds-their variety, their mode of life, their coming from the egg, their benefits to us, and the like—and conclude again with the idea of the Divine

Suppose you study the clouds— that wonderful course of the rain-drop as it hides in the earth, travels in the stream, proceeds to the mighty sea, goes up in a vapory mist, and finally helps to form the

new fleecy clouds. Verily, here is the beginning of religion, of reverence for God, of a life-long walk with Him. Such a plan of instructing children may be made a universal practice in answer to a universal inquiry which comes up out of the mind of childhood. And, fortunately, this suggested plan of guidance cannot possibly do any violence to any creed or church affiliation which the parent may hold dear. It may only lead the young mind to conclude that:

All things beautiful and fair, Earth and sky and balmy air, Sunny brook and shady grove. Gently whisper "God is Love."

CURRANT JELLY



CURRANTS AND GREEN GRAPES RE QUIRE S TO ID MINUTES BOILING TO REACH THE JELLY POINT WHILE ALL OTHER PRUITS REQUIRE FROM 20 TO 30 MINUTES.

gree books of instruction on dry ing and canning have been issued by the National War Garden Commission. They may be obtained from any of The Washington Times

The Plotters

A SERIAL OF EAST AND WEST

Elizabeth Witnesses Signs of Hatred of Amos Chapin Betrayed by the Man Whose Dog He Killed.

By Virginia Terhune Van | from now than it is now. Fit either buy or get out."

"I understand," the girl rejoined. CHAPTER XLIL

(Copyrigh, 1918, Star Company.) ERHAPS, after all, Butler had not understood her question. Perhaps Clifford Chapin had intimated to him that the girl whom he knew as "Lixsie Moore" was related to Douglas Wade.

This was the idea that grew upon Elizabeth as she thought over the situation by which she was confronted. Her wish was father to her thought.

For the more she let her mind linger on the confession she must make to Butler, the more she

shrank from the ordeal. At first she had feared that Clifford might tell him the truth. Now she wished that he had told it all to him. Then she would already

to him. Then she would already know the worst.

Had she not cared for John Butler she would not have been so afraid of the consequence of her own and her brother's plot. Had her mind been clear enough for her to study her own reactions, she would have known that her fear was in direct ratio with her regard for Butler. But she did not analyse her feelings.

She determined to defer the dreaded issue long enough to ascertain just how matters stood.

Amos Chapin waylaid her at the foot of the stairs late that afternoon.

"I see," he remarked, "that you got a letter from Douglas. I rather expected one from him myself. Did he say anything about having heard

"Tes." She looked the man squarely in the face and her voice did not tremble. "He said you had made him an offer for the farm, but that he would have to wait for

a few days before coming to any decision in the matter."
"Well, when you write to him, you'd best tell him to decide pretty quick." Amos said gruffly. "I must make my plans. I'm getting too old to want to stay on a place that won't be any more mine ten years

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

FELL, you remember in the inst story that the strange, sad man was telling lit-tle Puss Junior about the the Puss Junior about the wonderful Christmas Tree, as he and Puss stood by the great white stone on which were carved the words "White Horse." And just then Puss thought he felt the great white stone move.

After a pause the strange, sad man said; "Let me think. Where did I leave off? Oh, yes, it was Christmas Eve, and two of the mothers went up to the room where

lets, coronets, charms, watches, lockets, clasps, rings, vases, buckles, all made of gold, and long golden chains! And the light from the candles sparkles on them, and great room of the stately old castle was as bright, and even brighter

than day. "and after everything was ready the two mothers went up to the Grand Banquet Hall to see that for the Golden Wedding Feast nothing was lacking, and left the tree, with all its golden presents, in care of a servant whom they fully trusted. For he had been a long time their

ror he had been a long time their servant, and they had been very kind to him."

And again the strange, sad man paused in his story and bowed his head, and did not say more for quite a while. And when he began again Puss thought his voice sounded lower and sadder than before,

"And that servant," went on the strange, sad man, "that servant whom they trusted, when he was left alone there, thought to himself: How many fine clothes all these would buy! How many good things to est, and a coach and horses besides! If I only had them for my own, and was far away from here, then I should be happy!" "And now what do you think? He

took all those golden things. And when the doors were thrown open and the people came in haste to see the Golden Christmas Tree in all its glory, why, those presents were miles away, among yonder moun-tains, and the wicked robber was looking for a place to bury them

And as the strange, sad man came to this part of his story he began walking backwards and forwards, and every turn he came a little nearer Puss Junior. At last he came close up and stooped over and whis pered: "I myself am that wicked

started back, thinking about his gold pieces in the leather bag which hung about his neck, and he put his paw up to where they hung. And this made the sad-eyed man smile although it was only a little ghost

of a smile.
"Don't be afraid," he said, "I know you have something of value there, because you raise your paw to it so often. Don't you know that is the very way to let your secret be known? But I don't want your gold. I'm sick of gold. I want you to hear the rest of my story, and then do me a favor."

And next time I'll tell you what the strange, sad man asked Puss to (Copyright, 1918, David Cory.)

More Important Matters. Her dignified manner irritated in stead of soothed her listener. "Weft, then make the young doe tor understand, too," he growled.
"Have you answered his letter yet?"
"I have," stiffly.
"What did you say about my ef-

fer?"
"I did not mention it." Her tene
rang out clear and sharp. "I had
other and more important things
on my mind, Mr. Chapin."

on my mind, Mr. Chapin."

The farmer glowered at her, started as if to speak, than thought better of it and went on upstairs without another word.

Going out on the veranda, the girl stood, hea lips compressed, as she gazed out across the broad meadows lying between the house and the little lake in the bollow.

How she loved the place—and just because she and Douglas were poor this man, this bully, had & in his power to take it away from in his power to take it away from them. Tears of chagrin came to

her eyes.
Sulov Talak came shuffling up
the path, and stopped short when he
saw her. But he did not speak
until she addressed him.
Elizabeth's own unhappiness made
her suddenly sorry for this poor
wretch. Since the death of his dog
he had wandered about like an unher eyes.

easy spirit.

"Good afternoon, Talak," she said impulsively, forgetting for the instant her fear of him—forgetting everything but his interable appearance.

pearance.

"Good afternoon," he muttered.

"It's been a warm day," Elisabeth remarked. "It's hard to work in such weather."

"It's always hard to work for the boss here," Talak grumbled. "I hate the such was here," Talak grumbled.

His swift change of mamous startled Elizabeth. The Pole's hands were clenched and his eyes glared menacingly. She wondered if his grief at the death of the dog or the heat of the day had not affected his befogged mind.

"Well, well," she, soothed,

"Well, well," she soothed. "that's too bad. But we will hope that to morrow will be cooler and the work seem easier."

"Not when dat old beast is here?" the man exclaimed. "Dat's what he call Nig-beast'-dann him!"

His voice broke. Elizabeth was reminded, sickeningly, of the day on which he had burst into passionate sobs at the death of his dog.

With a murmur of sympathy she turned hack into the house. The did not want to increase this poor creature's excitement.

As she entered the hall John Buller came out of the large parlor on the left of the front door. This room was always dark and cool and seldom occupied.

Elizabeth started as she saw Butter.

"I did not know you were there!" she exclaimed.
"Yes," he said quietly, "I had a slight headache from the heat, ro I went into the parlor, where it was d, and lay down on the sofa for a few minutes. I must have fallen asleep, but I did not know I and done so until I heard Mr. Chapin

"Oh!" She caught her breath.
"You were lying there then?"
"Yes," he replied, "I was lying there then, I was about to make my presence known—as soon as I really awoke—but you went out upon the porch."

Then he had heard Chapin speak

speak to you out in the hall just

to her of her letter from Dougtas! What must be think? (To Be Continued.)

DO YOU KNOW THAT-

The only maritime country in Europe without a navy is Belgium.

An Englishman used to eat more butter than any man of any other nationality. His yearly average was thirteen pounds. An American sewing machine

company has opened eight schools in China, in which the natives are taught to embroider with silk by machinery.

Water is sold by the ton at Pernambuco, Brazil. It is piped from springs eight miles out from the city, and is furnished to ships at about 75 cents a ton within the harbor.

Oysters Killed By Seaweed. Extensive ravages are often committed by seaweed spores in oyster beds in a very curious fashion. The weed grows on the shell of the oyster, and is of an oval shape, solid at first, and afterward filled with water. It often attains the size of a hen's egg, or even of a man's fist. Left uncovered by the tide, it splits and loses its water. This is re-placed by air, which is imprisoned by the next rise of the tide. The seaweed now acts as a balloon, raises the oyster from the bottom and ficats with it out to sea. Hundreds of thousands of cysters are thus lost.

All Used.

Bilkins and his son Bobby were taking great armfuls of parcels to a little sister who was III. As they neared the hedroom door the father said, forsetting momentarily that the youngster's arms were full, too, "Open the door, son," to which the roungster replied:
"I can't papa. I'm all used."

WHY HE WAS JUST OVER HERE WITH THAT VERY PIECE AND OFFERED IT TO ME FOR

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